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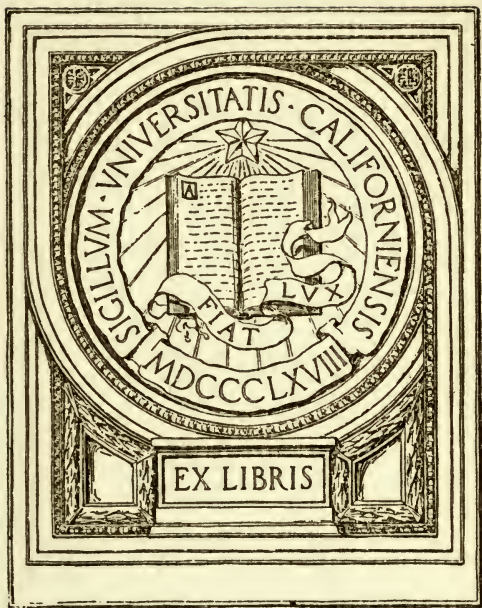


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IN THE HISTORY OF

BY

JOHN T. FARE



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TO THE
MAYOR
OF THE CITY
OF BOSTON
John T. Fare

IN
THE WILDERNESS

BY
JOHN T. FARE
//

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by
JOHN T. FARE
Los Angeles, California

*"In My Father's House are Many Mansions, if it
were not so, I would have told you."*

—John 14; 2.

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**To the Memory of the Mother
who taught her lisping child to
pray, this book is respectfully
dedicated.**

IN THE WILDERNESS

I.

The Azure Fields were veil'd as with a
dew;

The Meadow-cups were lost to mortal
view;

The silvery Lake lent not its wonted
light,

For Gloom had stretch'd her canopy—
'twas *Night*.

II.

And Silence strange—as if the pulse of
Time

Had ceased, and Neverness was in its
prime,—

Did reign; and reigning augur'd things
to be;

Things felt—by what? Ah! that's the
mystery.

III.

But soon the calm was rent by clanging
sound,

And voice was heard to make the hills
resound

With cry for light unto the House of
Brain—

List, list! The cry it doth repeat again.

IV.

“Within, within, kind friend, within, I
say!

A child along life’s path hath lost its
way.

I search for Light, if thou His servant
be,

Direct my path. Who, where, and what
is He?”

V.

“Direct my path!” Indeed a prattling
tongue
Hath struck full hard upon the mental
gong,
And broke the peace. Wake, wake and
cease to nod;
The child doth answer seek: Who—what
is God?

VI.

’Tis cried full oft that the All-Good—the
Just,
Made man in His own image from the
dust;
And that the dust He chose from
Mother Earth
Did faulty prove, and we’ve been damn’d
from birth.

VII.

Wake, wake and lean to thought, and err
no more.

Go think of all who have gone on be-
fore,

Whose lives had been one endless liv-
ing fear

Of Hell's torments for those they held
most dear.

VIII.

Methinks no Dives cried with parching
tongue

For water, while the lambent flames
among,

More loud than they will who with fear
imbue

Their fellow-man with song of "Chosen
few."

IX.

The "Chosen few"? The chosen are the
whole,

The images of Truth—of Life's true
soul;

And one in all, and all in one com-
bine

As radiating rays of Light Divine.

X.

Aye, rays; each one an offspring of the
Just,

A heavenly guest within a House of
dust,

Oh, care it well, it is the ever Thee!

Neglect it—and thine own deformer
be.

XI.

I never gaze upon a cripple shorn
Of power but what my breast with grief
is torn.

The Me therefore I'd care; for this I
know,
That death is birth—and we have far to
go.

XII.

So let us gather in this Error's thought,
And place it on the altar where 'twas
wrought;

Then in the shadow of the Cross we'll
stand
And watch the temple fall—'twas built on
sand.

XIII.

The Barque we've piloted full many a
year

With helm lash'd hard apart with thong
of fear;

And in a circle it hath ever sail'd,

But haven sought for we have never
hail'd.

XIV.

With bearings lost, with Compass gone
before,

We tremble at the sound of breakers' roar.

"See, see, the path! Here footsteps
mark the sea:

The Saviour pass'd this way from Gal-
ilee!"

XV.

The breakers of the There are far from
Here;

The Here is but the Where of Truth
held dear.

The There doth not exist to Mind Su-
preme;

The Here is Now, the Now is ever green.

XVI.

For God is Love, and Love is Life Di-
vine;

He breathed the breath of Life, and life
is thine;

And being thine it is the inner Thee;
And being mine it is the inner Me.

XVII.

That convoluted loom we call the
brain,
With which we daily weave our bolt of
pain,
Was made the shuttle of sweet Peace
to run;
The shuttle's thread of Grace—by God
was spun.

XVIII.

But from a flax we've spun a faulty
twine
To feed the cop from which the comb
to line,
Until the old machine cries out,
"Enough!
I've wrought too long with your sepul-
chral stuff.

XIX.

“The warp of Error’s thought hath
 strain’d the beam;
My shuttle it hath lost its heavenly
 gleam,
And bears a nap from out a dusty
 store;
’Twould see the smile of God. Enough
 —no more!”

XX.

His smile? Aye, smile. For dark indeed
 is day
When light is low and Grief’s old tent
 of gray
Is pitch’d, and tears flow. But there is
 light:
Peep through its rents—His stars with
 smiles are bright.

XXI.

Methinks, the Barque—of which I yet
have spake—

Could float full well, and leave within its
wake

A troubled stream, upon the briny
tears

That Sorrow's eyes have shed in bygone
years.

XXII.

Upon my window's pane a tear I see;

It runs—now stops as if in fear; may-
be

It is in search of some familiar eye

With whom it made its home in years
gone by.

XXIII.

Perhaps 'twas in some saintly cloister-
cell,

Where devotee her matin beads did
tell,

That it sought freedom from a pious
orb

To join with Prayer that doth all grief
absorb.

XXIV.

Aye, join with Prayer, that messenger of
man

That to the Throne of Grace, since time
began,

Hath borne our soul-thoughts; tho'ts,
oft frank'd with tears,

That have return'd with Peace to still
our fears.

XXV.

Our fears? The seed within a shadow's
pod!

Hath Clay ta'en on the potency of God
And turned Artisan? The light turn
on:

The pod is broken and the seed is gone.

XXVI.

The light turn on? From where, and
when, and how?

The smile of God illumines the ever Now.

Turn on the light! Effect go rule the
cause!

The cause, and whence came it? Divine
Mind knows.

XXVII.

The great Omnipotent, Omniscient He!
The Omnipresent One to Thee and Me,—
But for the Dust that keeps our vision
bound
In darkness, true unto the Mother
Ground,—

XXVIII.

He knows. And will He hold us free
from guile
Who help to make the Garment in a
style
To hide the True—that He Himself had
wrought,
And make shade substance, and the Sub-
stance naught?

XXIX.

That speck of dust that in the ray of
light
Is ever seen in borrow'd garments dight,
We'd turn into a beam of woeful
note;
The heavenly ray we'd thrust inside the
mote.

XXX.

That which is, is, and will be so for
aye;
And being so it cannot pass away.
For all things made were made by the
All Wise;
All else is shadow, from which errors
rise.

XXXI.

He knows: The Father of the father,
He;

The Lord of lords who made the perfect
Thee.

The perfect Me? The me that is, is
what?

A shell—a shadow by a Shade begot.

XXXII.

Aye, by a Shade that sprang from False-
hood's thought;

Begot in darkness, and by Darkness
wrought;

A semblance of a something that is
naught,

That from the land of Nothingness was
brought.

XXXIII.

The shell? Oh, rend its portals open
wide,

As was the tomb from which the Cru-
cified

In all His glory came; and see the
Man,

The perfect Man, as when the world be-
gan.

XXXIV.

I scarce e'er listen to the ocean's roar,

Or see the waves in anger lash the shore,

But what, methinks, I see Golgotha
sway

And rend itself—as on the Passion-day.

XXXV.

Or watch the heaving of its troubled
breast,

When fleck'd with foam from off its tear-
ful crest,

But what I see on lip the spumy stain,
And hear the Magdalene's cry of pain.

XXXVI.

And when the spray doth hap to touch
my lip,

As from the savor'd nebule I do sip,

Into my breast a kindly solace flows;
Perhaps it was His tear—who knows,
who knows.

XXXVII.

His tear, and brought by sobbing winds
from mound

Where Error's ashes mark'd the whited
ground

That lay in shadow of that veil of woe
The angels rent when Dust was in its
throe.

XXXVIII.

Aye, in deep throe was Garment of the
Man,

A Garment wrought when world of Dust
began;

By Adam to his offspring 'twas be-
queath'd,

And all have worn, and wearing it have
grieved.

XXXIX.

'Tis writ that Judas fell and bowels
spew'd

Upon the ground. Methinks the Saviour
hued

The very spot with crimson from the
side

That knew the spear ere He scarce yet
had died.

XL.

And as the stream gush'd forth from out
the Fount

A quaking dread possess'd the skull-clad
mount,

And with its fearful bosom's heaving
waves

It waked the dead—who left their tainted
graves.

XLI.

Oh, better far had Judas ne'er been born
Than till the Dust that gave to life a
thorn,

Whose cruel teeth were pointed as with
steel,

To rend the brow that bore the Heavenly
Seal.

XLII.

Methinks I see the passion'd face of Love,
With pleading look, turn to the heavens
above,

And cry, ere yet His eyes were lost to
view,

"Father, forgive! They know not what
they do."

XLIII.

“Father, forgive!” With pity’s soulful
cry

He pleaded for mankind with Life on
high.

That prayer divine let memory sacred
keep,

For with the plea on tongue He went to
sleep.

XLIV.

Oh, glorious morn that saw the Saviour
rise

A victor o’er the tomb where Error lies!

And in His Majesty and Truth appear
Unto the one redeem’d—by Him held
dear.

XLV.

Aye, the redeem'd. The one that He had
brought
From out the labyrinth of Error's thought
Into the open of the Heavenly Way,
When cast aside as one unclean—by
Clay.

XLVI.

As one unclean, a wanderer unknown
To all save them who had with Error
grown;
And in the pool of Deep Despair they
dwell,
A surging mass within a grieving hell.

XLVII.

Yet from its deep comes hand in wake
of hand

With clawing sweep, as if to reach the
land;

Like wind-spiced sails—when mill is hid
from view,

They pass from sight—perhaps to try
anew.

XLVIII.

And if perchance a one should hap to
hit

Upon the Rock, and creep from out the
pit,

Some Levite of the Dust—in Virtue's
name,

Will cry, "Unclean! Unclean! Hence
whence you came."

XLIX.

Unclean! Unclean the Clay of man's
own kind?

Unclean the tenement wherein the mind
Doth dwell? Then, like the Magdalene,
go

Unto the Fount—there cleansing waters
flow.

L.

With Garment soil'd with frailty's earthy
spot

She sought the Life to free her from the
blot;

And from her eyes repentant tears did
stray

To lave His feet—they wash'd her sins
away.

LI.

Methinks I see her as with tear-clad
face

She humbly kneels imploring Him for
grace;

Imploring with that silence of despair
That's voiced by falling tears—each tear
a prayer.

LII.

And now a sound like unto wafting wings
I hear. A heavenly sound and one that
brings

The thought of angels speeding down
to greet

A soul redeem'd—low at the Saviour's
feet.

LIII.

No anger'd cry, from Him, no loathing
look

As from the ground the penitent He
took;

But with a voice that brought to grief
surcease

He said, "Thy faith hath saved thee—go
in peace."

LIV.

"Thy faith hath saved." Oh, would that
child-like trust

Were fully mine! Then from this Shell
of Dust

I'd speed the webs that on its walls
recline,

And let the light of God in fullness
shine.

LV.

Methought my house in order I had
placed,
And from its corners all the spots erased;
Its windows they were bright, and
many a ray
Of sunshine to my chamber found its
way.

LVI.

Its portals knew no dust—though some
ajar,
And kindly visitors from out the far—
In thought, did often come and chat
with me
About the heavenly Now—the Then to
be.

LVII.

But stranger came: I welcome gave to
him,

And held converse, when, lo, the light
grew dim,

For window's pane was veil'd with web
of gray;

A Spider! Ah, we all must watch and
pray!

LVIII.

The garden of despair—*Gethsemane*,
Did e'en the spinning Weaver know, for
he

A web did weave within its troubled
shade

That caught the passion'd tears of Him
who pray'd.

LIX.

And with the glistening tears the webby
shroud
Was 'lumed e'en as a lamp to mark the
crowd
That writhing surged in Error's dark
abyss,
From which—like serpent, crept the
Judas-kiss.

LX.

Aye, crept like serpent under night's deep
shade
To kiss the cheek of one he had be-
tray'd;
For darkness is the breath that Error
breathes,
And breathing it, it slays whom it de-
ceives.

LXI.

How oft we mortals sit and strain the
eye

To see the work that in the lap doth lie,
When worldly winter, with its weather-
stain,

Hath curtain'd out the light from win-
dow's pane.

LXII.

Aye, strain to see the lines by Artist
made,

That we with wisdom's thread must mark
to shade

And fashion incorruption's Emblem
Rose;

But, ah, alas!—how oft the Cypress
grows.

LXIII.

Our trembling fingers, with their coats
of stain

Drawn by the temper'd needle's point,
would gain,

By labor—foreign to all rest, the bread
To feed the that with which the worms
are fed.

LXIV.

And in our haste and deep forgetful-
ness,

The sop for That within grows daily
less,

Until the larder proves an empty bowl
With ne'er a crumb to feed the hunger'd
Soul.

LXV.

Methinks I hear the man-wrought needle
cry—

“Why thrust your flimsy thread into my
eye?

You start with pain if I your finger
wound!

Then why not I? Your logic is unsound.

LXVI.

“’Tis said that you from common dust
were made,

From dust that Time amid the dust had
laid,

And that an artisan of standing high
Did draw you forth. Well, cousin—so
was I.”

LXVII.

Each day we meet with kindred long
unknown,
As o'er this sand-dune by the winds we're
blown;
We meet them here, and then we meet
them there,
In fact, like dust, we meet them every-
where.

LXVIII.

And one and all seem foreign to the
place,
And wavering stand—as if they would
retrace
Their steps, then speed to left and then
to right,
Again to left, and then—alas! 'tis Night.

LXIX.

Oh, blessed He who did in ages gone
Reverse the stone that mark'd the path-
way wrong!

A path that's led us to this dusty plain,
Far from the land of Light that we would
gain.

LXX.

But mortal eyes inured to shade of
night,
That we would turn unto the heavenly
light,
Are, in their weakness, blinded by its
ray,
And we still need His voice to lead the
way.

LXXI.

For Love's bright beams arise on every
side

That marks the Narrow Path, that in the
Wide—

Where whirlwinds dance with dust,
whose revelry
Is cradled in its grave—we never see.

LXXII.

And in our mazy state we're prone to read
The signs and symbols—that are placed
to lead,

From right to left, until, some late, we
learn
That we're astray, and know not where
to turn.

LXXIII.

Full many a morn we've seen, whose
winning smile

Hath drawn us far afield with witching
guile,

That did o'ersoon upon us turn with
lash

Of wind and rain midst laughing thun-
der's crash.

LXXIV.

For through the lenses of the mortal eye
We see the "*Evening's red*" when morn is
nigh,

And augur that the day full bright will
be,

And sup with Sorrow ere the night we
see.

LXXV.

For with the dust the wind will ever
play

And toss it hither, thither, everyway;

So that the Night oft laughs and cries
to Morn,

“My friend, you sow’d the seed—go reap
the thorn!”

LXXVI.

Seed—*Error sown! The dead harvest the
dead!*

Whence came this seed—in what pod
was it bred?

Its spark of life, from what source was
it drawn?

Not from the mouth of God. Then hence
the spawn.

LXXVII.

For life—eternal, true, was breathed by

Love

To fill all space—the Here, the There

above;

And filling space the Omnipresent He

Hath made all one by heavenly alchemy.

LXXVIII.

And being one the smile of the Divine

Within my neighbor as myself doth shine;

And shining it reflects the living Light,

The Light that knows no darkness of the

Night.

LXXIX.

And from it flows an ever pulsing stream
Of love to heal the ills of life's false
dream;

And healing, leaves the Man—as He
had wrought,
An offspring of Himself—a perfect
Thought.

LXXX.

But as the running waters pass from
sight
Beneath the stratum that impedes their
flight,
So in the long ago love's stream ran
low
Beneath the bank of Sin where Sorrows
grow.

LXXXI.

And all was dark until the heavenly
One,

Whose lowly birth the guiding star shone
on,

Did rend the brank Cimmerian full wide
With light of Truth—and rending bruised
His side.

LXXXII.

And from the light did radiate a beam
Of love that brought unto the blind the
gleam

Of day; and in the sorrowing house of
death

It brought unto the dead a living breath.

LXXXIII.

And for the lost illumed the sought-for
way,
And gently led the ones who had astray
In darkness gone, back to the path of
peace,
Where flowers grow, and sorrow finds
surcease.

LXXXIV.

Methinks I hear Bethesda's arched
vault
Give echo to the cries of blind and
halt;
Cries from the past that do its curtain
raise,
And on the scenes of long ago I gaze.

LXXXV.

I see the crippled, palsied—youth and age,
Of life's great tome a torn and tatter'd
page,

Each one intent on leaping in the tide
Ere doth the stricken brother at his side.

LXXXVI.

Each with an eye or ear attuned to catch
The moment when the troubled water's
latch

Shall rise, and portal open for the guest,
Whose touch to faith-clad brings a heal-
ing rest.

LXXXVII.

While on a pallet, near the pool, there
lies

A palsied form—full old, who ever cries,

“Oh, for the love of God, come aid me
lend

To water’s edge, ere angel does descend!”

LXXXVIII.

And cry in vain? No, not in vain; for
he

Did sup from cup of loving sympathy

And rise renew’d—free from all ill and
care,

At Life’s command—for Christ was there.

LXXXIX.

And in the Now as in the Then the same
Light glows to lead the fallen, blind and
lame ;

And glowing, lights the pathway to the
Gate,

Where they who have gone on do us
await.

XC.

And o'er its archway, writ in rubied hue,
The Master's call—for all, *not for the few*,

“ALL YE WHO TOIL AND ARE WITH GRIEF
OPPRESS'D,

COME UNTO ME AND I WILL GIVE YOU
REST.”

XCI.

And that is Love. His message it is
thine,

'Twas Magdalene's—Mary's—and 'tis
mine,

And comes as manna did in ages past,
So that our hunger'd souls may break
the fast.



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